THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

☞ The JUNE Number of the ATLANTIC contains contributions from JOHN G. WHITTIER, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, HARRIET PRESCOTT, ROSE TERRY, T. W. HIGGINSON, T. B. ALDRICH, H. D. THOREAU, ALICE CAREY, and others.

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VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JUNE 7,

1862.

BOBBETT-HOOPER

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 116 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

A VOICE

FROM

YORKTOWN!

VOLUNTEERS,

ATTENTION:

A

VOICE

FROM

YORKTOWN!

LET

FACTS

SPEAK FOR

THEMSELVES,

Read the following brief note received this morning from one of our brave soldiers now before Yorktown:

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, NEAR YORKTOWN.

THOMAS HOLLOWAY, Esq.,

80 MAIDEN LANE,

May 1st, 1862

SIR,

As there are none of "Holloway's Pills" for sale hereabouts, I enclose an order for which please send me the amoun, in your very valuable Pills without delay. If there is any postage or expressage please deduct it, and oblige

Yours truly, in haste,

T. HANLEY, ADJT.,

9th N. Y. Cavalry.

Before Yorktown, Va.

P. S.—Your Pills are famous for the cure of Dysentery, and I have no doubt that they will prove efficacious in Chills and Fever here as they have in other divisions of the army.

Solar Matches.

Contain no Sulphur. Have no unpleasant Smell when burning. Are the Safest to use. As cheap as Sulpur Matches. Warranted to stand Heat or Damp better than any other. Patented. Sold everywhere.

SOLAR MATCH CO., 101 and 103 BEEKMAN St., N. Y.

Advertising Rates of Vanity Fair.

Title Page, 50 cents per line, occupying 1-3 he space ac ross the page.

Title Page, $1.50 per line, across the page

Second Page, 25 cents, wide column.

" " 10 cents, narrow column.

Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills

These pills have been used by over

FORTY MILLIONS

OF

HUMAN BEINGS.

They have a

WORLD WIDE

reputation justly earned, having effected cures in cases where the Patient had pined upon a bed of suffering for years without hope, until this healing and health restoring medicine was used. Mr BALFOUR H. STEWART, proprietor of the Edinburgh Works, Newark, New Jersey, for a period of twenty years could only move painfully on crutches, in consequence of a Hip disease. He made use of Brandreth's Pills for a slight bilious attack without any expectation that they would benefit his complaint, and was astonished to find his lameness and the pain in his hip joint relieved. He took occasional doses with a view to the relieving of this disease and was always helped by them. At length he determined to use them as directed under the head of

CHRONIC AFFECTIONS,

and found still greater advantages. He continued to use them for twelve months, and on Friday, May 23, 1862, walked into the principal office 294 Canal St., supported only with a small cane. and stated he had been walking about the city all day.

Contractions of the Muscles from

Inflammatory Rheumatism, Cured.

In another case the patient had not been able to walk or write for years in consequence of the contractions of the muscles from severe inflammatory rheumatism. He took four Brandreth s Pills, night and morning for one month and was able to write and hobble about his room; he took the same doses for another month and by the end of that time could walk and write without trouble; and the ninth week from the time he first used them he rode out twenty miles; for the four years preceeding the use of the Pills he had never been out of the house hardly out of bed, he perfectly recovered.

A MAN WALKS WHO NEVER WALKED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

A still more serious case was that of paralysis of the lower limbs. This gentleman for fifteen years never put his foot to the ground, he could not get out of bed or in without help; thirty-eight boxes of Brandreth's Pills used in four months enabled him to walk with a cane, and he was fully restored to the full use of his limbs by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS alone.

IN CONTAGIOUS and in all acute INFLAMMATORY DISEASES they are equally wonderful as in Chronic Cases. Their use in SMALL POX is a certain cure, and what is peculiar, is that in all the numerous cases in which they have been used, no marks whatever were left by the disease:

They take

The Acrimonious parts out of the blood, which
eat in and make those terrible scars
so often seen in Small Pox Cases.

MILD, MANAGEABLE.

Brandreth's Pills make all kinds of diseases mild and managable by cleansing and purifying the blood, and to a certain limit reinfuse new life into the system.

I call especial attention to SUPERVISOR BISSELL'S Letter detailing his own, Wife's, their Daughter, Son-in-law, and Grandchild's cure of Small Pox, by Brandreth's Pills, alone.

COMPOSITION.

Brandreth's Pills are composed of principles obtained solely from the Vegetable Kingdom; are therefore warranted to contain no Mercury or other Mineral, but to be purely Vegetable in Composition. They combine with their purgative, a TONIC and thus the patient is strengthened from their purgative effect, a wonderful quality and believed to be possessed by no other purgative. This quality makes them of immense value in cases of debility, low fevers, and when life is at a low point.

Brandreth's Pills have been used over a large portion of the World's surface for a period of One Hundred and eleven years, and are now relied upon in sickness by Millions whom they have cured or greatly relieved of every kind and description of disease; this is the

UNIFORM TESTIMONY

Of One Hundred Thousand Dealers.

Indeed, as purifiers of the blood and a general purgative and Antibilious Family Medicine, they are unrivalled. Their Universality as a curative depends upon the fact that they remove all humours hurtful to breath. So they are found a

SOVEREIGN REMEDY

for Rheumatism; for fevers of all kinds, for Indigestion and Dyspepsia and all Crudities, heat and acidities of the stomach, for heaviness, weight and oppression of the pit of the stomach and about the diaphragm, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, and all kinds of costiveness, or irregularity of the bowels, whether confined or relaxed: Giddiness of the Head; Wind in the Stomach or bowels, and Cholics thence arising; also for Gouty Habits, especially where the stomach and head are affected, and for all kinds of bilious disorders.

They are equally excellent in lowness of spirits and nervous complaints, particularly those which are occasioned by sedentary occupations; in all female obstructions and irregularities they are found most efficacious and preeminently adapted in those complaints which happen at a certain period of FEMALE LIFE.

If the suffering want evidence of cures, it will be cheerfully furnished at the Principal Office at

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Brandreth's Pills sold at 25 cents. Sugar coated, 12 cents, and 5 Boxes in one for 50 cents, as above &c.

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296 BOWERY,

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NEW YORK.

GET NEW STYLE.

Observe that

BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS,
BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

is on the Paper Band, and purchase none of the original not Sugar Coated without careful examination.

AND PURCHASE NO SUGAR COATED PILLS EXCEPT THEY HAVE A RED LABEL ROUND EACH BOX, AS ALL THE OLD STYLE HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN FROM THE TRADE.

B. BRANDRETH, President.

Artemus Ward

HIS BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

All the rich things that have ever been written by the renowned humorist "Artemus Ward," collected in one elegant volume, with numerous comic illustrations by our best artists. Price One Dollar.

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VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT NOVEL.

The American Copyright Translation of this Magnificent French Fiction is now ready.———— Paper Covers, price 50 cents, and cloth binding, price $1.00

It is the acknowledged literary event of this century. In the way of a novel there's no grander in all literature.

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STEEL PENS,

OF THE OLD STANDARD QUALITY

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HENRY OWEN, Agent.

J. H. & J. N. TAYLOR,

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AND

SILVERWARE,

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Between Eighth and Ninth streets, N. Y.

Particular attention paid to Watch and Jewelry Repairing.

Watches cleaned and warranted by experienced workmen $1.

JAMES H. TAYLOR.

{ JAMES N. TAYLOR.
{ Late with Tiffany & Co.

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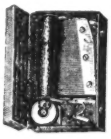

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BOXES TO SUIT ALL AGES AND TASTES.

Call and examine them!

Fine Gold and Silver Watches Cheap for Cash.

MUSICAL BOXES REPAIRED.

Small Pox, has already sacrificed some of our best and bravest troops. Soldiers, listen to the voice of reason, supply yourselves with some of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood and strengthen the stomach, while the Ointment removes all pain, and prevents pit marks. Only 25 cts. per Box or Pot. 232.

A QUARTER OF TWELVE.

BY LE GENTILHOMME BLASE.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

The keeper eyed the querist with no very amiable expression, "you'll stay here," said he, "until you take the Oath, I reckon."

"In that case, my native land, good night," responded the interesting captive, Byronically; "my incarceration will terminate with an epitaph—'*Hic Jacet* ROBERT PETERS. A Victim of misplaced confidence. He died young'—Jailor, your are affected. Accept a quarter!

The Cerberus clutched the proffered coin and eyed it with feverish intensity. It was evidently the first quarter he had seen since the commencement of his services in that hole. The man's better nature was touched. "Hist!" he said, drawing Mr. PETERS aside and speaking in a whisper: "I can no longer conceal the truth. I am a Southern Union man."

It is a beautiful peculiarity of our common nature, *mon ami*, that crime never sinks so deeply nor perversion spreads so obstinately in the human soul, but there is still a deeper current of normal rectitude responsive to the force of currency. That this was known to the ancients, is evidenced by the antique custom of placing coins on the eyes of the dead, thereby signifying to all concerned that, whatever faults might have perished with the deceased, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

"Can't I have a room to myself?" asked BOB, after a short pause.

"Follow me," was the response; and he followed the keeper through a crowd of curious prisoners, up a stair-way against the wall, to a room on the next floor. The keeper opened the door with a key from one of his pockets, and led the way into an apartment whose only furniture was a bed, a ricketty chair and a bit of looking-glass on a shelf.

"I sleep here sometimes myself," said the keeper; "but you shall stay here for a small rent. Make yourself comfortable."

"Stop a minute," said BOB, as the man turned to leave him. "Do you know how I came to be arrested?"

"I don't know exactly," was the answer; but I believe you was informed upon by some woman. Good night. Here's the candle."

The prisoner cast himself upon the bed, as the key grated again in the lock, and was fast asleep before the poor fellows down stairs had extinguished their miserable lights.

In the morning the friendly keeper brought him his breakfast, consisting of a cup of something very much like "sacred soil" after a heavy rain, two geological biscuits and a copy of the Richmond *Whig*.

"What do you call this stuff?" asked Mr. PETERS, ruefully eyeing the contents of the cup.

"Coffee," replied the keeper, blandly, "real Mocha."

Mr. PETERS was silent. To call such fluid Mocha was sheer mockery.

The biscuits dispatched and the coffee defied, the captive betook himself to deep and admiring contemplation of the newspaper; and was deriving much valuable instruction from an article written to prove how skilfully and ingeniously the Southern Confederacy had struck a telling blow at its ruthless invaders by strategically surrendering Norfolk, when an early visitor was admitted. Said visitor was a young man contained in a picturesquely-tattered uniform, with a fatigue cap on his head and a rusty sword rattling at his heels.

"BOB, my boy," said he, "how the mischief did you get into this scrape?"

"This is some of your family's Chivalry," responded Mr. PETERS, shortly.

"My governor certainly did come it over you a little," observed the visitor, who was no other than the younger ORDETH; "but you might have gone off safely enough if you'd been at the bridge at quarter-past Twelve, as you were told. I don't like the governor's style any more than you do, and if you had come to time I could have passed you out of the lines easily enough.

"I did come to time," answered BOB, with great bitterness, "and a pretty time of night it was. How did I get into this scrape? The Southern Confederacy brought me here. I've had enough of you and your family. It affords me satisfaction to contemplate a perspective in which your family are attending a funeral of one of their number whose demise would be attended with funeral honors if all his comrades were not engaged in the work of running away from MCCLELLAN.

Mr. PETERS hazarded this cutting insinuation of the future with an expression of countenance rigidly severe.

"But, my dear boy, there's some mistake. You—"

"Enough, Sir!"

"Oh, very well; if you wont you wont," exclaimed the Confederate youth, growing very red in the face. "All I have to say is, that I have done my part as your friend. If you had been at the bridge at quarter-past Twelve last night, you might be back among the Yankees now. And, let me tell you, those same Yankees will never conquer the South."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. PETERS, ironically.

"One of our officers has just invented a new gun that will soon teach the North manners," continued the Confederate, with increasing heat. "It throws one-hundred-pound balls as fast as a man can turn the handle."

"Ah!" said BOB, sneeringly.

"Yes; and it has but one defect."

"What's that?" asked BOB, with some appearance of interest.

"The handle won't turn!" ejaculated the young Virginian, darting hastily from the room to hide his emotion.

Mr. PETERS looked vaguely after the retreating form of the sensitive youth, and as one of the keepers relocked the door again from the outside, his face sank upon his hands. What did his visitor mean by accusing him of not making his appearance at the appointed time? It was exactly quarter-past Twelve when he left the house. "I see how it is," murmured Mr. PETERS, between his hands; "the boy has been taking something hot."

CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER VISITOR.

The ladies were taking their usual promenade through the main corridor of the jail, curiously gazing at times through the newly-grated door at the prisoners in the main room, and seasoning their morning gossip with piquant observations on the probable execution of the horrid creatures there confined. Mrs. PEYTON took occasion to inform Mrs. MASON that she wouldn't pass a day without taking a look at the wretches for all the world; and Mrs. MASON informed Mrs. PEYTON that her life would hardly be endurable if she did not live in hope of seeing all the Abolitionists there yet. Here young Mr. BARON ventured to intimate that the Yankee prisoners were fortunate in being favored with such an array of *fair* before them; for which he was saluted as an "absurd thing," and received a shower of taps from adjacent fans.

Miss ADAMS led her companion, a neighbor's child, to where a keeper was leaning idly against the wall.

"Are these all your prisoners?" she asked.

"All but one that was taken last night and is up stairs," replied the official.

"Is that one on exhibition?"

"I reckon he is, if you want to see him."

"Well," said Miss ADAMS, with an assumption of indifference, "I don't know that it's worth while; but—well, I reckon I *will* look at him."

"This way, then, if you please," said the keeper, leading the way up an adjacent flight of stairs and conducting the fair one to the room occupied by Mr. PETERS.

BOB was gazing gloomily out of the window and did not recognize the presence of his new guests until the end of a parasol touched his shoulder.

"Miss ADAMS!" he exclaimed, offering his hand.

The young lady tossed her head haughtily:

"I don't wish to shake hands with an enemy of my country, sir."

"I see," said BOB, coolly, "the presence of a third party obliges us to vail our emotions. Keeper, leave the saloon."

"Pay no attention to him, Keeper," retorted EVE, indignantly, "I wish your attendance."

Not at all abashed by the severity of her tone, Mr. PETERS nodded to the officer and smiled pleasantly.

"Then I must expose you with a witness to it," he said, good-naturedly, "you are offended, Miss EVE, because I did not comply with your kind note and meet your friends at a quarter-of Twelve, instead of walking straight into trouble at quarter-past, as I did."

"You are beneath my notice," was the answer of Miss ADAMS; "but since you choose to speak so I must explain myself to this good man here. You are indebted to me for your present situation. I am a Southern woman, Sir, and it was my duty as a Southerner, to see that you did not escape to injure our cause by telling

A SWEET THOUGHT.

THAT CHERISHED I. C. DOWBER, (*in the back-ground*) WHO, HAVING NO EAR FOR MUSIC HIMSELF, THINKS HOW GRATIFYING TO HIM IT WOULD BE TO CUT OFF THE ONE BELONGING TO DOBBS, (*im. the fur*) WHO HAS.

OUR CHIEF BUTLER.

The bottled spirits of New Orleans are finding themselves in a tight place now that the BUTLER has taken to looking after them himself. Neither the Crescent nor the Cross have found the slightest favor from that stern chief, who has promptly suppressed both of them—the one represented by a newspaper, the other by the "ladies" of the city, if not of the town. BUTLER is not the man to stand any nonsense; and it is now well understood at New Orleans that ladies who contort their faces in defiance of Union soldiers, must serve out a term of imprisonment in a place called the "Calaboose." This may be considered by some as an aboose of the authority vested in General BUTLER's hands, but that depends upon what you Call aboose. It may be remarked that as there are no cellars at New Orleans, our BUTLER must find himself rather astray there; but people will do well to remember that the Port of that city was never in better order than it has been since it came into his keeping.

Light upon the Subject.

There seems to be some mystery as to the immediate cause of the great Kerosene conflagration which took place at Brooklyn on Thursday last. Some attribute it to the ashes of a pipe or cigar, while no person as yet seems to have been struck with the idea that it originated from a cask of the oil falling upon a Lighter.

All the President wants to give the Rebels.

A Peace of his mind.

some of your Northern falsehoods about us. I wrote you the note you speak of in order that you might be drawn from your hiding place, and also one to the authorities putting them on the watch. I may be a woman, but I have the heart of a man."

If Miss ADAMS did *not* have the heart of a man, it was owing to no neglect on her part of any possible means to catch such a heart. That is to say, all her dearest and most intimate female friends said so.

Her speech was evidently intended to impress the prisoner with a torturing sense of woman's vengeance; but, contrary to her expectation, Mr. PETERS received it with the utmost complacency. In fact, he even evinced a playful disposition and favored the attentive keeper with an insidious wink.

"I don't doubt that your intentions were excellent, Miss EVE," said Mr. BOB PETERS, with an air of great enjoyment; "but they did not work as well as your affectionate heart designed. Because, you see, I didn't come out at a quarter-of Twelve at all, nor did I follow any of your directions. Oh, no! It was just quarter-past Twelve by my repeater when I departed from my late residence, and it's my private opinion that your dear friend Miss ORDETH had the privilege of being my adviser on that nocturnal occasion. Don't let your sensitive soul be afflicted with the thought that *you* have wronged confiding innocence," added BOB, pathetically; "for I assure you that you are as guiltless as a child unborn."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked EVE, in some haste, "were you not arrested at a quarter-of Twelve?"

"Why, no!" said BOB. "Don't I tell you that I didn't break cover until quarter-past?"

"Well, sir," snarled EVE, with no little irritation, "you're here at any rate, and I hope you'll enjoy the society of your Yankee friends down stairs. I hope you'll all be hung. I do!"

And the injured fair swept magnificently from the room, dragging with her the neighbor's child, and leaving Mr. PETERS alone with the keeper.

"I say, she's a spunky one," remarked the latter. "It's a pity you really didn't wait till quarter-past. I wouldn't trust a woman with such eyes as hers—I wouldn't."

"And I didn't trust them," said BOB. "It was full quarter past by my repeater when I came out, and if I'm betrayed it's by another woman."

"Oh, come now," put in the keeper, deprecatingly, "it's all right, you know, between us two. It wasn't but quarter-past when I locked you in here, you know."

"What!" exclaimed BOB.

"Fact," said the keeper.

Mr. PETERS deliberately drew out his watch and held it up in full view.

"By all that's true!" said BOB, "it was quarter-past Twelve by that repeater before I was taken last night."

The rebel official looked steadily into the eyes of his prisoner for a moment, and then withdrew hurriedly and in silence. He evidently mistrusted the sanity of Mr. PETERS, or believed that a man with such a fast watch was too much ahead of *his* time to be trusted without a watch of a different kind.

(*To be Continued.*)

Hard Cash.

Col. CASH, commanding a South Carolina regiment. See "Journal of Hon. ALFRED ELY." Latter gentleman was taken prisoner by rebel officers, brought before CASH, and introduced to him as Congressman from the North; whereupon CASH put pistol to his head and threatened to blow his brains out, at the same time anathematizing his "white-livered soul," which sounds like anatomical blunder. Rebel officers rush upon CASH, crying, "Colonel! Colonel! you must not shoot that pistol—he is our prisoner," which looks like grammatical blunder. Then Rebel officers apologize for conduct of CASH, saying that CASH was drunk, which sounds like hard, square probability, and provokes suggestion that South Carolina CASH, when caught, ought to be locked up in an iron safe, like any other hard Cash.

Catechetical.

Q.—What is the earliest historical record of snake-charming?
A.—The circumstance of RUTH captivating BOAZ.

THAT FRENCH TOBACCO.

GOSSIPS are still in a very uncertain state of mind about the mission of M. MERCIER to Richmond—if that can be called a mission upon which a man merely *goes*, instead of being sent. If we are to believe, with the *Opinion Nationale*, that tobacco was the sole object of that visit, we can only account for the movement by supposing that M. MERCIER'S puissant sire LOUIS NAPOLEON, who has built up his reputation upon a well-known brand of *Petit Caporal*, has let himself run out of the article and instructed MERCIER to send him a paper or two of it from Richmond. If this is the true state of the case, allow us to remark that the Puissant Sire referred to is welcome to put any American production in his pipe and smoke it. The *Monitor*, for instance, ; or the Benicia Boy ; or the Rocky Mountains ; or the Big Trees of California ; or Niagara Falls, Horseshoe and all ; or the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky ; or Commodore NUTT, or RAREY ; or the Secretary of War. Particularly the latter, however, because he blows out a great deal of smoke without much fire, which is an economical dodge on his part, and ought to be encouraged.

Perhaps the pipe generally indulged in by the Puissant Sire is of the kind known as the Hookah—in which case he might put FLOYD and BENJAMIN in it, and smoke them, seeing that those conspicuous malefactors have been connected with Hookers from their tenderest years.

If a nip of Old Bourbon would be satisfactory to the P. S , by way of flavoring whatever we may furnish for his pipe, we have a couple of choice Demi-Johns of that capital article on hand, just now. They are labelled *de Chartres* and *de Paris*, respectively ; but we have an idea that Mr. LINCOLN, who is growing very much addicted to that kind of Bourbon, will not let them go out of his own private stock of foreign delicacies.

These little puffs have all been suggested by the tobacco theory of the *Opinion Nationale*, which is considered good at blowing a cloud, as well as a good blower in general. The London *Herald* knocks the ashes out of the pipe of the *O. N.*, however, saying that M. MERCIER asked, and obtained authority from his Puissant Sire to proceed to Richmond, on a political cruise. This cruise of M. MERCIER'S, like that of the Widow, is supposed to have been a Cruise of Oil, which it was his mission to ladle out over the troubled waters. Why will not these European Spoons let us do our own ladling? If the Puissant Sire could only have made a balloon reconnoissance of Broadway one of those late days or nights, when our gallant and stalwart State Militia Regiments marched down that thronged thoroughfare for the second time at the call of their country, perhaps he would have put that significant fact in his pipe, and smoked it, with a grunt and a *laissez-les faire*.

In conclusion, who cares what M. MERCIER went to Richmond for, unless he went as a Secession spy, which we do not think he did, as he is allowed to be a very respectable person? If he went for a paper of *Caporal* for his master, we hope he got it and paid for it ; and if he didn't, we don't care a spurious nickel who or what he went for, and who did or didn't get paid for it, whatever it was.

The Rewards of a Regatta.

Shiver our timbers! We have bought a yacht! Ahoy my hearties! We are going in for the regatta! We have heretofore refrained, from a wholesome dread of water. But upon looking over the list of prizes to be sailed for on the 5th of June, we began to feel thirsty. Silver wine-basket! Silver toddy-kettle! Silver punch-bowl! Dowse our deadlights! that looks like business! If you have a heavy wet on deck, all you have to do is to go down and have another kind of heavy wet in the cabin! Splicing the main brace, they call it! Very bracing! Let us splice!

Black Mail.

Mr. SUMNER'S proposed tax upon slaves,

CURRENT LAY OF THE MEXICAN BANDITTI.

Ho! ho! By Our Lady! Ho! ho! ho!
And ho! ho! ho! once more!
To see those foreign gleaners go
Where *we* have been before!
Oh, well for you, ye Frenchmen gay,
With firm flesh on your bones,
That every man of you knows the way
To make good soup of stones!

Ho! ho! By Our Lady! Ho! ho! ho!
And ho! ho! ho! once more!
Do horse-steaks on the bushes grow?
Do frogs wait on the shore?—
Fetch on the little king that craves
Our MONTEZUMAS' seat:
But take good care, ye jolly braves,
He gets enough to eat!

Ho! ho! By Our Lady! Ho! ho! ho!
And ho! ho! ho! again!
'Twill puzzle MAXIMILIAN so,
To find our honest men!—
Ho! ho! to think of Uncle SAM
Offering us a loan!
Oh, may the good and great St. Flam,
Soon send us dogs the bone!

Ho! ho! By Our Lady! Ho! ho! ho!
And ho! ho! ho!—he! he!
Why should our clergy murmur so,
Who spell Pray with an *e!*
And, as for uncle SAM himself,
What odds is it to him,
Which cunning rogue secures his pelf—
Son TOM, or Neighbor TIM?

Ho! ho! By Our Lady! Ho! ho! ho!
JEFF. DAVIS and his crew,
They say, will come the next we know,
For they've nothing else to do.
Ye kindred souls! feel no affright!
You're welcome as the day:
Here, where the weakest might makes right,
We give you right of way.

Ho! ho! By Our Lady! Ho! ho! ho!
And ho! ho! ho! once more!
Young MAXIMILIAN soon shall know—
More than he knew before!
Hail, bold Secesh!—To what a height
Our national stature towers!—
We'll steal the world, some stormy night,
And swear 'twas always ours!

Financial.

At Memphis, we notice, that traders who refuse to receive the Confederate Notes, are to be considered and treated as traitors. They must either sell, or submit to a cell, which is about the worst Sell we ever heard of. Some philanthropist in Memphis has suggested that no shop-keeper shall be compelled to take more than two cart loads of this queer money for a drink ; but the proposition has been howled down, without a single dissenting yell ; and, by the last mail, we learn that an ordinance will soon be passed, making it Felony to refuse this Confederate Cash whenever it is offered as a Free Gift ; upon the ground that such refusal would not only damage the Rebel Credit, but would be an act of gross personal cruelty to the donor.

Barber-ism in Canada.

We are told that Chancellor VANKOUGHNET, of Toronto, Canada, has issued a *pronunciamento* requiring barristers practising in his Court to shave their faces. How much larger the liberty we enjoy hereabouts! *Our* lawyers only shave their clients.

Cave Canem!

Why, let us ask, are timid dog-owners like pious Israelites?
Because, they always stand in a certain degree of awe of the Rabies!

Boy.—"O, LOOK A HERE, MISTER! HERE'S ONE O'YER CHINESE FIGURES A WALKING OFF WITH HIS-SELF!"

The Rebel "Tintinnabulation."

The *Memphis Appeal* announces that "the (Rebel) Government wants, and must have all the *tin* from the roofs of sheds, and out houses in that city."

Shade of the Flaming Tinker! what for? Is it to strike, therewith, medals for their chivalric soldiers?

We know the R. Gov't. is very badly off for "tin."

Is this raid upon the roof to make a new supply of current coin.

Or is it to manufacture tin cans for their armies?

Or tin trumpets, thro' which to blow the loud pæan of triumph—when they obtain one?

Can it be that the Rebels have faith in the magic of the "silver bullet," and, being out of the real ore, expect to impose upon us with a tin semblance?

Or, finally, is the *Memphis Appeal* merely indulging in more of the tinsel(l) in which the chivalry so delight?

"These are questions which address themselves (thro' the medium of V. F.) to every inquiring mind."

A Merry Quip of the French Minister.

"Mutton fat contains a greater quantity of Stearine than any other adipose matter," observed a heavy man who was persistently boring the French Minister, at the White House, the other night.

"Then how is it that Sheeps get lost so often?" asked M. MERCIER, with an exterminating leer.

Fruitful.

Our Rustic Contributor says that there will be a fine Peach crop this Summer, down in the Jerseys, and although too remote from a political atmosphere to feel greatly interested in the Last Ditches, he shall devote himself assiduously to seeking for certain Pits.

ABE AND ABOLITION.

Chee,s for Old ABE—in him the nation trusts,
  U, moved by Abolition's hue and cry, he
The *pros* and *cons* of Slavery adjusts,
  And blowing his proconsul's schemes sky high, he
Goes in for Liberty secured by Laws,
  But lawless liberties resents severely,
And laughs to scorn the shallow-pated daws,
  Who deem man's mission manumission merely.
In brief, shrewd ABRAHAM does not worship "Progress,"
As a black, thick-lipped, highly-flavored ogress.

And therefore, as a pair of snuffers might
  Extinguish with a nip a fizzling candle,
Hath he untimely quenched the sputtering light
  Of HUNTER—abolition to the handle.
"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful,"
  When White and Black were chums—*arcades ambo*,
In black and white their compact to annul,
  And Uncle SAM prefer to Uncle SAMBO.
But then, oh! Hunter, pink of John Brown Snobbery!
For 'bobolition why did'st make a bobbery?

To free a million and a half of Nigs,
  If a good thing to do should be done squarely;
But HUNTER, sure as bristles grow on pigs
  And wool where no man ever saw a hair lie,
Had no more right such freedom to proclaim,
  Under law martial, or enactment civil,
Than LINCOLN, in the constitution's name,
  To sell a Major General to the Devil;
On his own hook he acted—if suspended,
By his own lines will his career be ended.

Upon the whole his Ebony *faux pas*
  Was scarce more impudent than idiotic,
"He went for wool to come back shorn" Oh! bah!
  Was it quick-witted to be thus Quixotic?
What a reverse! But yesterday supreme,
  Promulging law like MOSES from Mount Sinai,
To day not merely a *white* joker's theme,
  But food for laughter e'en to CUFF and DINAH.
Thus do DAVE HUNTER's prospects to the D—— go,
Moral—ABE TOLERATES NO ALTER EGO.

GOVENOR ANDREW ON PATRIOTISM.

Second thoughts are proverbially stated to be superior to first—a statement very fairly illustrated by two documents lately issued by the Governor of Massachusetts. The first thought of Governor ANDREW, when called upon by the War Department for new levies, was the Negro. The aromatic Ethiop predominated over all other considerations in the Governor's mind. "Massachusetts" replied the Govenor, virtually, "cannot fight for her country any more unless you emancipate Massa Nigger." This first thought of Governor ANDREW was hardly flattering to Massachusetts, the men of which can see White as well as Black, and have seen Red, too, with a vengeance, in the present war. But, on sober second thought, JOHN A. ANDREW repented about the irrepressible Negro, and sounded for the Men of Massachusetts a spirited trumpet call to arms. The Men of Massachusetts do not require much Blowing, however, to induce them to lend their muscle to the country and the cause. Certainly, they are urgent, as a general thing, respecting the subject of total abolition; but there is a feeling atroad among them, now, that in President LINCOLN's idea of gradual emancipation looms the brightest and safest future for the Oppressed Race—a Race upon which a good deal of money has been laid and lost.

But as the "Race is not always to the Swift," let Governor ANDREW take cheer in the hope that the South will not always hold the Slave.

GOVERNOR ANDREW'S SCHOOL FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIER.

"NOW, BOYS, THREE HEARTY CHEERS—TWO FOR THE NIGGER AND ONE FOR THE UNION."

THE DAVIS DECORATIONS.

The Commander of the Confederates has established "The Order of the Southern Cross of Honor;" and, singular to relate, the first decorations have been assigned to the Ninth Texas Regiment. The precious metals being uncommonly and extremely minus in rebel regions, we learn that the medals distributed will be of leather and that contributions of old shoes are pouring in from all quarters, and especially from the church-members, who recently gave both their church and dinner bells, for neither of which have they any use—to be cast into cannon. Whoever bayonets a wounded foe, or shoots a picket guard, or burns women and children out of house and home, or shells the enemy's hospital, or hangs a loyal clergyman, or brings off a Federal bone from the battle field, or can prove that he has at any time stolen from the United States property valued at twenty-five cents, will be immediately dignified, dubbed, decorated and distinguished. The Officers of the Order are Principal Peculator, Grand Grabber, First Filcher and Most Serene Swartwouter. Whether BENJAMIN or FLOYD will be elevated to the Principal Peculatorship, is uncertain; for though FLOYD is undoubtedly the most extensive thief, BENJAMIN, who began when he was a boy, has had the most experience. We believe the difficulty is to be settled by giving to FLOYD the Baton of Command, and by allowing BENJAMIN to steal it, if he can.

Observations in Natural History.

The pigeons upon which BARNUM feeds his Snakes are not Turtle doves

The Parrots in the army of the Potomac are not McCaws—they are McCLELLAN'S.

A singular mistake was made by a visitor to the Dog Show, last Friday week. While observing the Arctic Dogs enjoying their usual allowance of ice cream, he remarked that he supposed the creatures must be subject to *blanc mange*.

Panic at Barnum's.

There was a great deal of excitement in the crowd at BARNUM'S Museum, on Friday last, in consequence of a cry that a Great Adder had got loose and was mixing with the throng.

Confidence was restored, however, on Mr. BARNUM'S assurance that the rumor originated in the circumstance of the Lightning Calculator going to his dinner.

Apropos of certain Confederate Practices.

Q.—What is the difference between the foul witch of demonology and the Gorilla of Secession?

A.—The one destroys the object of her hate by wiling Spells, while the other effects his diabolical purpose by "spiling" Wells.

The Pale of Chivalry.

Virginia is likely to be fenced in soon; at least, since a *sobriquet* was earned by the Rebel General JACKSON, at Winchester, there has been a great Stone Wall Running all about the State!

For Lovers and Millers, only.

Q.—What is the principal difference between Love and a Mill Dam?

A.—The one brooks no Limits, while the other limits no end of Brooks.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

DEAR VANITY:—I am in trouble.

I have issued a proclamation, and President LINCOLN has sat down upon it....

Which is rough.

However, to quote the touching language of Colonel GREELEY, I "bow" to this decision. The decision, as yet, has not returned my bow.

This was the proclamation:

"HEADQUARTERS, May 9. 1862.

"General Orders, No. 11.—The Gulf States, comprising the military department known as Dixie, having deliberately declared themselves no longer under my protection; and having taken up arms against the said Me, it becomes a military necessity to declare them under Martial law. This was accordingly done last year. Niggers and Martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible: the persons in these Gulf States, heretofore held to be Niggers, are therefore declared forever white.

"[Official.] MC ARONE.
Acting Commander-in-Chief.

"Baron VON KOWHINGEN, Ass. Adjutant-General."

What do you think of that?

President LINCOLN, on hearing of this order, immediately informed the public that if his officers were disposed to make idiots of themselves, he was not, and he would reserve all the rights of his position to himself. I can hardly find fault with his prejudice in favor of attending to his own business, though it is not the common usage with officials generally.

It was my intention to have enforced the terms of my proclamation, if I could, in all the Gulf States, as soon as I had conquered them.

The order was considered, by intelligent contrabands here, to be the only practical solution of the question whether or no a white man is as good as a nigger, if he behaves himself.

I did not take the steps, however, without mature deliberation and much advice. Baron VON KOWHINGEN tells me that white niggers are well known in Prussia. His great-aunt used them there as early as 1595. In one of BAYARD TAYLOR'S letters it is stated that they are much in vogue on the West coast of Patagonia, where they are esteemed a luxury, with parsley and drawn butter. I myself have seen them as far South as South Amboy, and also in BARNUM'S Museum.

It is thought that the President was influenced by the feeling of extreme opposition that showed itself in West Broadway and Laurens street.

The more common belief, however, is that he was influenced only by a feeling of extreme common-sense and justice.

The news not being of a very important nature, I must record a singular and highly successful surgical operation performed here lately by one of my private surgeons.

A crazy-headed sort of fellow, a General HUNTER, who has been mixed up with the army a good deal one way or another, was recently taken with extraordinary buzzings and noises in his head. Some thought he had "a bee in his bonnet," and others imagined him to suffer with acute abolition on the brain.

Finally, the difficulty settled in his right ear. Formerly, all good advice, counsel and suggestion used to go in at one ear and out at the other, but as this was no longer the case, the surgeon rightly concluded the acoustic tube to be the seat of trouble; the more especially as the patient seemed entirely deaf to all reason or wisdom.

His medical adviser then applied certain drawing preparations, and allowed him to have his own way for a time. The result justified the most sanguine expectations, and within a short time, he was ready for the operation. His hands were tied, for the safety of the nation, and after a brief but energetic attempt, the surgeon discovered and removed from HUNTER'S ear an enormous Flea....

LIGHT MARCHING ORDER AT RICHMOND.

"As it is, we are in light marching order, with scarcely a piece of heavy ordnance or tent to embarrass us, and ready to evacuate or retreat almost anywhere at a moment's warning."—*Richmond Whig.*

Women's Wrongs.

A daily newspaper informs us, that:

"In the Senate on Saturday, a petition signed by nearly eight thousand women, for emancipation, was presented by Mr. Sumner. A petition to the same effect was presented from the Women's Society of Friends."

How much the above has got to do with the Divorce Law we are unable to say, although the natural inference to be drawn from the statement is that "nearly eight thousand women" have employed the great emancipator, Mr. Sumner, to emancipate them from the slavery of matrimonial bonds. Whether the Society of Friends, referred to, exercises its philanthropy in favor of the husbands or of the wives is also dubious, and requires explanation.

Blow fo) Blow.

Commodore Tatnall, of the Confederate Navy, has published a statement of his reasons for blowing up the *Merrimac*. Old Tat is fidgetty about the act. He evidently expects that the fate of the *Merrimac*—a tremendous blowing up—is in store for him; and, to settle his suspense or suspension, as the result may determine, he demands the small favor of a Court of Inquiry.

Fancy Binding.

The Norfolk *Day Book*, which has been shut up by General Viele, may now be described as bound in Calf.

A Mud-Sill of Missouri.

Clay-born Jackson.

The strangest part of the story is to come. Upon the body of the flea was marked, in plain letters:

"Honest Old Abe's last Proclamation."

This incident seems too strange to be true, but I give you my word that it is, and that there are many millions of free people rejoicing in its truth to-day.

News is scarce. A reliable gentleman from Richmond has just informed me that the Rebel Congress voted an appropriation of $ 200, last Saturday, for the placing of finger-posts to indicate the nearest road to the Last Ditch, in order that the soldiers could find their way to die comfortably there, without losing the road.... about the only thing they have not lost, hitherto.

As I am about to advance my army upon Richmond, I wish you would advance some money upon my pay....

This is reliable....

And I am

Mc Arone.

MEDICAL STATE RIGHTS.

There is evidently a conflict of jurisdiction between the State Surgeons and the Medical Bureau, and the sooner it is determined by the government, the better it will be for the poor soldier.

Thus we have pronunciamentos, we will call them, of different Governors, and their Surgeons General, as to where the soldiers of their particular States should be taken, utterly ignoring the fact that these men are soldiers of the United States, and not of any particular State, and therefore coming directly under the government and disposition of the Medical Bureau, which, thanks to the powers that be, has now a directing head capable to govern.

This Medical Bureau having general charge of all the hospitals, and being supposed to have always the latest and best information as to where there are vacant beds, when the necessity arises to dispose of the sick and wounded where they can be properly taken care of, dispatches to such hospital the wounded soldiers under its charge, and when they get there, sometimes finds that in consequence of this ridiculous assumption of State authority, the hospitals are full, and the sick and wounded are left in the streets until some temporary disposition can be made of them. This was recently the case in Philadelphia, when the Surgeon General of the United States, having been informed there were a certain number of vacant beds in one of the hospitals in that city, ordered thither a sufficient number of patients to fill them, and when the poor fellows arrived, their places had already been filled by a number, who were very officiously brought over from New York, by a Pennsylvania State Agent, because, forsooth, they were Pennsylvanians.

And of these men, some of the New York Editors who knew no better, observed that, "they were ignorantly sent to New York, when they should have been sent to Pennsylvania."

The Soldiers in this war are United States Soldiers, and the hospitals in the States should be under the control of the Government, or in the event of a great necessity arising for an immediate disposition of them at the point where they can be soonest attended to, we will see that half of them will be deliberately murdered by the over-zealous attention of their States, and die like dogs before they can get rest for their wounded and wearied bodies. Now is the proper time to settle this new phase of States Rights doctrine, and we hope Surgeon General Hammond, as soon as he has time, will put his foot down upon it, and crush it effectually.

When men are convalescent, and able to be removed, private hospitals can then, if they think proper, aid the Government by sending for such patients, and thus enable it to act with careful supervision for those who may be in immediate necessity of good attendance. Otherwise we will find over-crowded hospitals in one place, and in others ample accommodation of beds and medical attendance without patients.

If this States Rights meddling was really beneficial to the Soldiers it would be a matter of no consequence how much officious Governors and their Surgeons would parade themselves in the newspapers, as to their wonderful energy and efficiency, but as it is very evident it would be productive of much discomfort, if not absolute cruelty, although mercifully meant, we again say some general order or system is imperatively necessary to stop the conflict at once, or the efficiency of both will be impaired.

This is a serious article upon a very serious subject, but in times like these it is necessary that Folly should occasionally don the cap of Wisdom, particularly when Wisdom is nodding at its Post, or becomes vain-glorious, and parades itself as a "big man, Me," when, like the Indian in the western story, it puts on its military coat, and nothing else, and so makes a plentiful display of nakedness.

We have said the Medical Bureau has now a head, so has Vanity Fair: so Surgeon General Hammond bring your expansive brows into close contact with our splendid, intellectual organization, and forthwith there will issue a special edict which will not only bring order out of this chaos, but in addition thereto be the means of saving many a wounded soldier to his family and to his country.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENTS.

IRST-CLASS circles in Washington, were disturbed last week, as to their serenity, by one or two arrests the importance of which cannot be overstated.

The Government is beginning to assert itself.

There was a time when the mental nose of the Government could be metaphysically pulled, with impunity.

That degraded epoch has skedaddled.

It is no longer a harmless amusement, in the District of Columbia at least, to tread on Uncle SAMVIL'S corns,

Read, pause, and reflect—

The Washington gossips were to-day furnished with a fresh subject by the arrest of three ladies—two of whom were the wife and daughter of a prominent officer of the Senate—while passing the old Capitol prison, in which are confined the rebel and State prisoners. One of them raised her handkerchief to her face, *and passed it several times with rapidity over her mouth.* THIS MOVEMENT WAS OBSERVED BY THE GUARD, who stopped the carriage and requested the ladies to alight. On being conducted to the guard room, they were informed that they were under arrest for violating a public order prohibitory of any waving of handkerchiefs or making any other sign likely to be interpreted as a signal to the prisoners. The lady stated that *she had been eating oranges*, and was merely wiping her mouth.

The mother and daughter were released on a promise to be careful not to violate the rule again. [*N. Y. World.*]

In addition to the above, we learn that an elderly and *seemingly* feeble gentleman was taken into custody last night on Pennsylvania Avenue, for having dared to sneeze audibly in front of a pepper establisement, near WILLARD'S. This pepper establishment has lately been supplying the army—hence the prisoner's malignancy.

We hope that an example will be made of this person.

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS.

OPINIONS OF THE UNDERSIGNED.

I propose to get up a Club, or Society. I am becoming clamorous for Reform. Not long ago, I endeavored to point out the abuses of "Baby-Talk," and its baleful effect upon the spoken language of to-day. Now, I propose to institute a Society for the Suppression of things that Everybody Says.

The English....or better yet, the American....language, is tolerably rich in conversational capabilities. There is no need of a pointer dog to find plenty of good expressions which will wear well, and wash too. Why, then, should Everybody, under a certain given set of circumstances, use precisely the same phrases? Haven't you noticed the custom? Havn't you secretly wondered which one of the party would say the thing that is always said, and waited with a comic anxiety until some luckless fellow jerked out the poor thread-bare *banalité*, quite to your relief, and a good deal to your disgust!

Of course you have, a thousand times and you will therefore hail my proposed reform with delight.

My Society shall consist of an indefinite number of members. Literally, the More the Merrier, for nothing kills merriment so dead as these wretched stereotypes of conversation. Any person old enough to talk shall be eligible, and there is no necessity for President, Vice-Presidents, Secretaries, or other officers. Simply, the applicant must sign a pledge, putting himself under a solemn vow and heavy bonds, never to employ, in conversation, any of the phrases that everybody employs in certain circumstances.

In order to make myself quite clear, let me give a few specimens of the kind of thing that everybody says. Let me suppose a small company of intimates sitting about the fire, of a cold evening. They have talked much together, and the usual topics are tolerably well discussed. There is little to be said, unless some one starts a bran-new subject, so there falls, gently and imperceptibly, a pleasant silence over the party. It lasts a minute....two minutes....three, perhaps, when one, having lost the thread of his individual thoughts, glances up, and sees another looking warily around from face to face. Instantly, it flashes upon both, and each waits for the other to spring upon him the dreaded exclamation which *must* come. Both know it and feel it, but both refrain, till little SMITHERS, over in an obscure corner, also looking up and noticing the profound quiet, shocks and relieves them at a blow, by blurting out:

"Quaker Meeting!"

The suspense is over; the *banal* thing is said; but all feel a secret contempt for SMITHERS.

Sometimes the stupendous and original joke is varied. SMITHERS, having wearied of "Quaker Meeting," may change to "Don't all speak at Once!" as a newer thing in stereotypes, or he may say, "Awful Pause," in dim allusion to a fine antique jest thereanent. But neither of these have ever attained the degree of popular sterility that hangs about the first.

Another specimen is ingenious as a reply to one who wishes to know where or how you have learned some secret or bit of scandal. "How did you find that out?" asks the querist, in perfect good faith, but his heart sinks and his stomach sickens when he sees the unmeaning smile that irradiates your fine features as a certain-sure fore-runner of the reply.

"A Little Bird Told Me!"

What could be nicer than that . . . for an emetic?

Has any accident happened? Is anything broken, or destroyed, and a question arises as to the author of the mischief? I'll bet a hundred to one, that out of ten people, at least two will say sneeringly.

"O, yes; I suppose The Cat Did It!"

These painful texts may have been funny, once. I hope they were. But age does not improve cheap things. Some glorious quotations sound better and better as they grow ripe and mellow, and develop new beauties by familiarity. But the common wear and woof of talk will not bear much service.

It is only cloth of gold that is never thread-bare.

Now my Society will change all this. It will weed out these stale and fungous sayings, so that you can not inevitably foresee what will be said next. Meeting its members will be delightful, for if they say nothing else, they will say nothing that Everybody says. Among them, you may search for a lost object without being told, "You Must Have Swallowed It?" You can ask one of them for a cigar, or a diamond ring, without being asked in return, "Will You Take It Now, or Wait Till You Can Get It?" You will never see one take out his pipe and light it for the sake of that charming little dialogue that we have all shuddered at so often and often.

A.—"Is smoking disagreeable to you?"

B.—(*Who, knowing the reply, dare not avoid it*), "Yes."

A.—(*Triumphantly*) It Is to Some Folks!"

In a word, the members of the Society for the suppression of Things that Everybody Says, will be as decent in their respect for the repose of superannuated *mots*, as they are in other matters. If one is asked to drink, his sentiment will be something fresher than "Well, Here's My Respects." If you say, at table, "What, don't you like radishes?" he will reply in other words than, "Yes, But They Don't Like Me!" He can hear you speak of your dislike to liquor, and still refrain from telling you he has observed that "You Always Seem to Want to Put It Out of Sight!" and you can lose or mislay your cane, your hat, your spectacles, or what you will, without fear of his expressing a belief that "You Will Lose Your Head, Next!"

It seems strange that a tolerably ingenious and exceedingly original people should go over and over *ad nauseam* with these little inconsiderable formulæ, and it is time that a new stock were brought out. Suppose we should use our clothes as sturdily and constantly as our phrases....what a shocking set of rag-tag scarecrows, we should become! Yet, that our conversational status is just as ragged and forlorn, is among the firmest of the Opinions of

The Undersigned.